

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
to what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to here,

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,

Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood list, list, O list,
If thou didst euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder.

Ham. Murder.

Ghost. Murder most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt.

And duller shouldest thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Wouldst thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, to the whole care of Denmarke
Is by a forged procelle of my death
Ranckely abused: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule! my Vncle:

Prince of Denmark

Ghost. I that incessuous, that
With witchcraft of his wits, with
O wicked wit, and giftes that b
So to seduce; wonne to his shar
The will of my most seeming ve
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was
From me whose loue was of tha
That it went hand in hand, eue
I made to her in marriage, and
Vpon a wretch whose natutall
To those of mine; but vertue as
Though lewdnesse court it in a f
So but though to a radiant Ang
Will sort it selfe in a celestia
And pray on garbage.
But lofe, me thinkes I scent the
Brieft let me be; sleeping with
My custome alwayes of the afte
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vn
With iuyce of cursed *Hebona* i
And in the porches of my eares
The leprous distilment, whose
Holds such an enmity with bloo
That swift as quicksiluer it cour
The naturall gates and allies of
And with a sodaine vigour it d
And curde like eager droppings
The thin and wholesome blood;
And a most instant tetter barkt
Most Lazerlike with vile and l
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a broth
Of life, of Crowne, of *Queene*
Cut off euen in the blossomes o
Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-an
No reckning made, but sent to
With all my imperfections on n
O horrible, O horrible, most hor
If thou hast nature in thee bea